EVERYMAN COMICS

CASCADE COMIX MONTHLY

March 1979 No. 13 50¢

plus COLOR COMIX

CASCADE COMIX MONTHLY

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CASCADE COMIX MONTHLY is published by Everyman Studios, 432 S. Cascade Ave., Colorado Springs, CO 80903. Subscriptions 6/$3, 12/$6 in US and Canada, back issues 75¢ except #9-10 and #11-12 ($1 each). Overseas 6/$5 or 12/$10, back issues $1 via air mail. Vol. 1, No. 13, March 1979 issue, copyright © 1979 Artie E. Romero. Make checks payable to EVERYMAN STUDIOS.

Ar:Zak, England's biggest comix publisher, has been forced by lack of sales to quit publishing. "There's no market in Britain and we've got stax of unsold copies. Boohoo. Shux, that's life," said Hunt Emerson. Although STREETCOMIX, MOON COMIX, and the other large-format books are thrown into limbo, Hunt and friends have begun a series of "microcomiks". "They're cheap and fun," says Hunt, "so we should still be able to do these." Bonk did DOO-WOP COMIX as #2 in the new series, and Damien Ledwich did two outstanding issues, CATASTROPHE COMICS and NEIL HISSUM COMICS. These are all 16 pages, 4¼ x 5½" printed with colored ink. John Harding's IGOR COMICS, #3 in the series, is very much like a dadazine, all strange collage art in 2-color throughout. For information on these and other Ar:Zak comix, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Arts Lab Press, 11 Gosta Green, Birmingham B4 7ER, England.

One of the most notable new comix of the year is NO DUCKS #2 from Last Gasp. From John Pound's cover painting of Unca Donald being blasted out of the sky by anti-aircraft gunner Mickey to the back cover pic of a greasy spoon duckburger joint, this is a prime example of how good underground comix can be. Hunt Emerson, George Metzger, Rich Larson, Steve Leialoha, J. Michael Leonard, Jim Schumeister, and Editor Tim Boxell provide the art this issue.

Raw Books has recently come out with several new publications of interest to comix lovers. EVERY DAY HAS ITS DOG is a new mailbook by Art Spiegelman in which he "doggedly proceeds to delineate the worst puns that occur to him," according to an announcement from Raw Books.

Continued on page 15

AN INTERVIEW WITH

DENIS KITCHEN

50
MOM'S
HOMEMADE COMICS
STRAIGHT FROM THE KITCHEN TO YOU!!
GEE, MOM, YOU MAKE THE MOST DELICIOUS OCTOPUS PIE IN THE WORLD!
BOLD, BLUSTERING TALES OF STARK PASSION

CASCADE: TELL US ABOUT YOURSELF, WHERE YOU'RE FROM, AND SO FORTH.

KITCHEN: I was born in Milwaukee in 1946 and, except for a few childhood years in Texas, have always lived in Wisconsin, for better or worse. I have two daughters (Sheena and Scarlet) and live with them, my fiance Holly Brooks, and 18 old jukeboxes in an old farmhouse 4 miles outside the metropolis of Princeton (pop. 1,400).

CASCADE: WHEN AND HOW DID YOU GET INVOLVED WITH COMICS?

KITCHEN: As early as second grade I wrote and illustrated stories that my teachers let me read in front of class. In 8th grade I created a small publication called Cleptomaniac. This time the teacher banned it so I went "underground." Klepto, as it became known, lasted 25 issues, well into high school. In college I helped create Snide, a humor/satire magazine, and decided in 1968 when I became editor to turn it into a comic book. The magazine died but the idea didn't. After graduation and a brief army stint (see Snarf No. 14) I discovered Bijou Funnies No. 1, the first underground comic I ever saw. This inspired me to create Mom's Homemade Comics No. 1 in 1968.

CASCADE: WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO BECOME AN UNDERGROUND COMIX PUBLISHER?

KITCHEN: Well, it gets complicated here. I learned the fundamentals of getting a book printed and locally distributed with Mom's. But when the Print Mint offered to become my publisher in 1969 I was elated. I would have loved to draw fulltime and leave the business to them. But they treated me poorly, I felt, and I broke with them. At that time Rip-Off Press was just starting and short on cash, so there was no alternative but to publish myself again. I formed Kumquat Productions which published two books and fizzled and then reorganized as Krupp Comic Works, Inc. in 1970. I guess I had a kind of flair for the business. And I've had a couple of good partners. Some key artists entrusted books to me, and things steamrolled. It's hard to believe Krupp is starting its tenth year.

CASCADE: HOW HAS PUBLISHING AFFECTED THE AMOUNT OF COMICS YOU DRAW?

KITCHEN: I like to think I'm an artist first. But in reality, the great majority of my time is consumed by

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Krupp responsibilities. In addition, I'm involved with a separate business, the Fox River Publishing Company, which produces a rural newspaper, the Fox River Patriot. So the publisher/editor side of me has to order the artist to draw a page now and then or I'd never find the time. I do quite a few Patriot covers, pages for some Kitchen Sink books, and some freelance work. I even sold a color cartoon to Playboy recently. But it's frustrating not doing what I love to do most. I have a bulging idea file. I keep thinking that when the company grows large enough I can relinquish the day-to-day responsibilities to assistants and draw comics. But that may be pure and simple fantasy. Actually, I do enjoy the creativity of publishing too. I kind of like wearing all these hats.

CASCADE: IF YOU COULD CHOOSE ANY PROFESSION OTHER THAN CARTOONING, WHAT WOULD IT BE?

KITCHEN: A professional baseball player, I think. More realistically, film-making, maybe, or painting.

CASCADE: WHAT GOES ON AT KRUPP COMIC WORKS ON A TYPICAL DAY?

KITCHEN: I go through the morning stack of mail, pawning off as much as possible to Leonard Rifas, my assistant editor, or Sue Schmidt, our secretary. I answer the most important business mail and most of the correspondence with artists. On some days I'll type 30 or 35 letters. I'll be on the phone throughout the day, talking to distributors and shops and artists. I may devote some time to designing our newest wholesale catalog, planning new books, or trying to motivate Peter Poplaski, our artist-in-residence, who is always a week or a month behind schedule. I may help unload a freight shipment or type invoices or try to collect from a deadbeat account. Two days a week my daughters stay at the Krupp Day Care Center. I harrass our printer about late books. I have frequent meetings with my principal partner Mike Jacobi. And once in a while I'll play with some of the old arcade machines or jukeboxes in the office.

CASCADE: FROM YOUR POINT OF VIEW, HOW HEALTHY IS THE COMIX BIZ RIGHT NOW?

KITCHEN: Very healthy. The business has been steadily growing for us. We grossed a quarter of a million dollars last year and have just set four record months in a row. And my publication chart for upcoming books has never been so cluttered.

CASCADE: WHAT KIND OF COMICS DO YOU LIKE?

KITCHEN: Most of the stuff I publish--though not all. I laugh hardest at Joel Beck, Steve Stiles and Gilbert Shelton. Robert Crumb I admire greatly. Spiegelman consistently impresses me. The detailed work of Rick Griffin, Robert Williams and Jay Lynch bowls me over. I think Howard Cruse deserves a much bigger following. For covers I'm hot on Bil Stout, John Pound and Leslie Cabarga. I could go on about a lot of contemporaries I like. Of the previous generation of cartoonists, Al Capp is tops in my book, despite his obvious decline in later years.

CASCADE: YOU HAVE SAID THAT YOU DIDN'T EXPECT MONDO SNARFO TO SELL WELL. WHY DID YOU PUBLISH IT?

KITCHEN: Good surrealistic comix appeal to me personally. And other artists were excited by the project. But Mondo Snarfo is too esoteric or too weird to appeal to a wide audience. But Krupp has reached a point

where it can sustain a loss on a book now and then and not worry. There are lots of offbeat comix that need publishing. Profitable books like Dope Comix and Bizarre Sex help subsidize less popular titles. But the less popular books are frequently the most satisfying personally.

CASCADE: WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER TO BE YOUR GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT AS A CARTOONIST?

KITCHEN: Well, offhand, I'd say my Mondo Snarfo pages. But I have a couple stories in the works that I consider my best yet. A German publisher is doing a collection of my work this spring, with 16 or so pages in color. Looking at all that stuff at once may be the best incentive to produce better stuff and at a better pace.

CASCADE: AS A PUBLISHER?

KITCHEN: That's harder. The Crumb books, especially Home Grown. The Bijou series. Corporate Crime. Recent Snarfs. And it's been particularly gratifying to publish comics by Will Eisner and Harvey Kurtzman.

CASCADE: ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE CERTAIN STOCK CARTOON "TYPES" WHICH RECUR IN YOUR COMIX, YOU'VE NOT TO MY KNOWLEDGE CREATED ANY CHARACTERS FOR CONTINUED USE. ANY PARTICULAR REASON WHY NOT?

KITCHEN: Stupidity maybe. It pays to have regular characters to develop a popular following. But some artists get away without it. Art Spiegelman has no real regulars. And Crumb drops his if they become too popular. A regular character can be a yoke around your neck. I think if I had to draw a daily strip around the same characters day after day I'd

get bored stiff. Maybe not. Actually I have plans for using the character Steve Krupp frequently in coming strips (see Snarf No. 15). I think most underground cartoonists are interested in the possibilities of the medium more than creating commercial properties. It's one element that differentiates us from other cartoonists. But it's hard to generalize about this...

CASCADE: WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?

KITCHEN: That was no lady. That was a Princeton transvestite.

CASCADE: WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS OR GOALS?

KITCHEN: Eeek! At the risk of sounding tedious, I truly believe the comics medium is just realizing its potential. As much as I can, I want to help it grow. I want to offer a forum for the best contemporary comic artists, develope new artists, and widen our alternative distribution system to reach a greater audience so royalties become more respectable. On a personal level, I want to refine my style and create stories that meet my highest standards. My other goal is to retire on Tahiti.

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...LETTERS...

I'm deeply grateful to you and your staff for the effort and intelligence you've put into CASCADE during its first year of publication. Long may you prosper. I have no general suggestions to make as to changes I'd like to see: my own tastes and interests in underground comics are far from catholic; there are parts of each issue of CASCADE that I read several times and others that I skim through, and I expect the same is true of most of your readers. The features I've enjoyed the most are "News," which keeps me aware of the extent and diversity of current underground publications and which I find consistently well-written and objective, and your interviews, which are always exceptionally well-prepared.

The only negative criticism I have to make is inspired by Bill Sherman's column in your latest issue. I tend to skim Sherman's pieces rapidly, since I find his hellzapoppin', high-school-newspaper style irritating and am usually not much interested in the comics he chooses to write about to begin with. But I did a double-take when I read Sherman's review of LEMME OUTA HERE! in his latest installment of "Quick Ones" --especially since it came immediately after a sympathetic and perceptive review of Mark Beyer's A DISTURBING EVENING. What I object to is not Sherman's assessment of individual pieces in LEMME OUTA HERE!, wrongheaded and offensively-expressed though I think they are (Aline Kominsky's "Oh Camp So Dear" is a "past/present ramble" full of "gritty details"; Didi Glitz is a "blonde bourgeois bimbo," although "actually, /"I'd Rather Be Doing Something Else" is/...kinda touching." Kiss my ass!); Sherman has, after all, a right to his opinions and, I suppose, to his shallow, cruel, crypto-sexist way of expressing them. But he does not have the right to have things both ways--or all possible ways--at the same time. I refer, of course, to his sickening attempt, in the first paragraph of his review, to weazel his way out of taking LEMME OUTA HERE! seriously as art. First the nice-guy con, in Sherman's usual hysterical fan-boy style: "...gives a lotta artists opportunity to autobiographically indulge in creative exorcism...May not be all that psychologically valid /whatever the fuck that may mean!/...but sure is entertaining to read." Then the rabbit punch: "...nothin' more than cheap voyeurism--the deepest insight in this book is that there are no deep insights.." So far, so bad: this, one presumes, is what Sherman actually got out of reading LEMME OUTA HERE!. But then, lest anyone think Sherman takes himself any more seriously than the book he was given (or chose) to review, we get the following: "--but who cares? It's not like you were reading PEOPLE magazine or somp'n...."

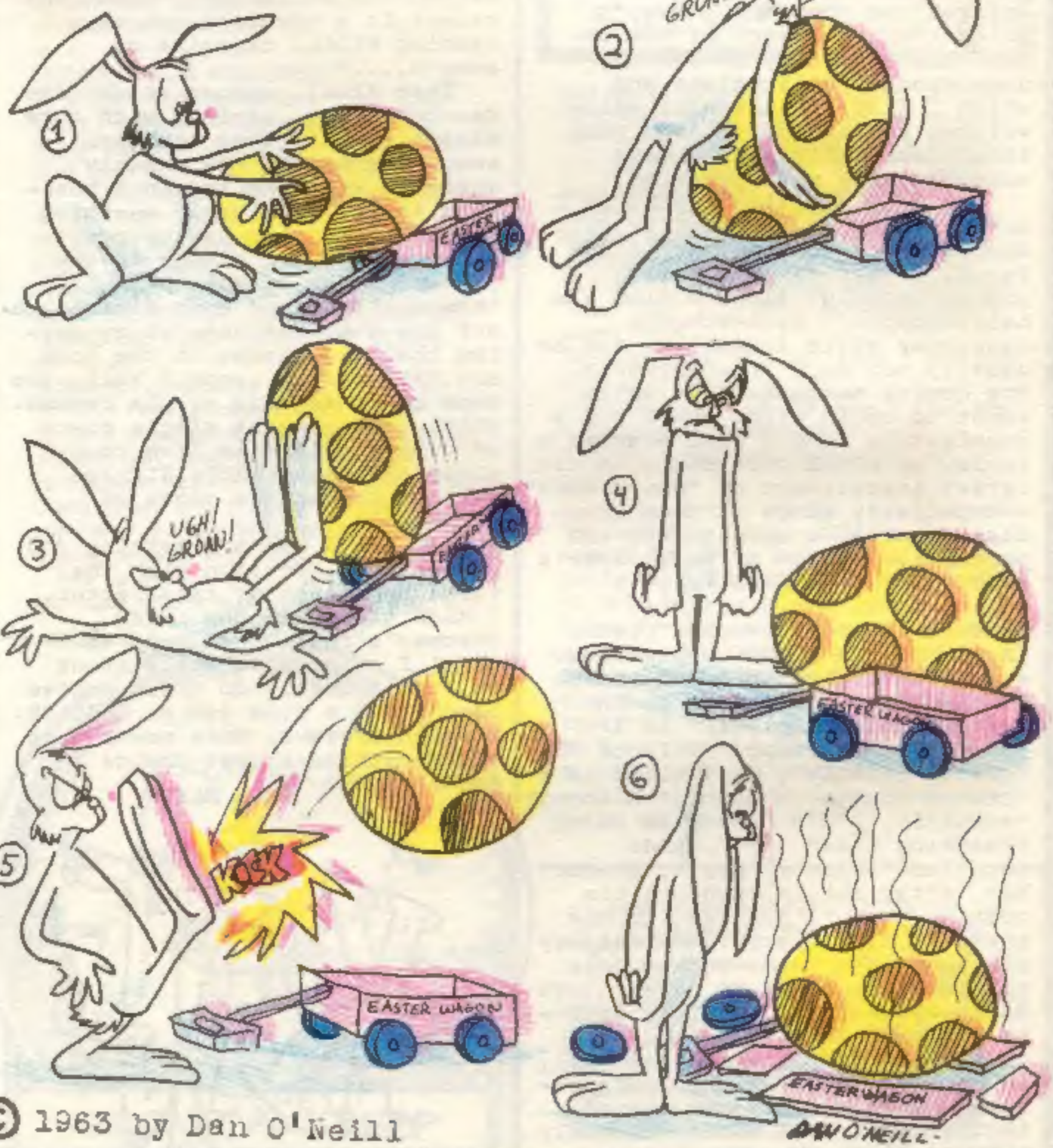
That final, sudden slide into fan-boy humor, replete with cute misspellings, gives the game away. Sherman is now exactly where he wants to be: in a position to say absolutely anything without incurring any responsibility whatever, either to objective truth or personal integrity. He can even finish off his dull hatchet-job by saying that the pieces in the book are "all worthy reads." Well, the same can't be said of his review, which is the worst single piece of comics criticism I've read since the unspeakable Richard Meltzer graced the pages of COMIX BOOK.

And no, I was not setting you up for this effusion with the first paragraph of this letter. I didn't realize how angry Sherman's review had made me until I started to write about it, and I really do think you've been doing a fine job on CASCADE. More interviews. More news. More of everything except comics punks.

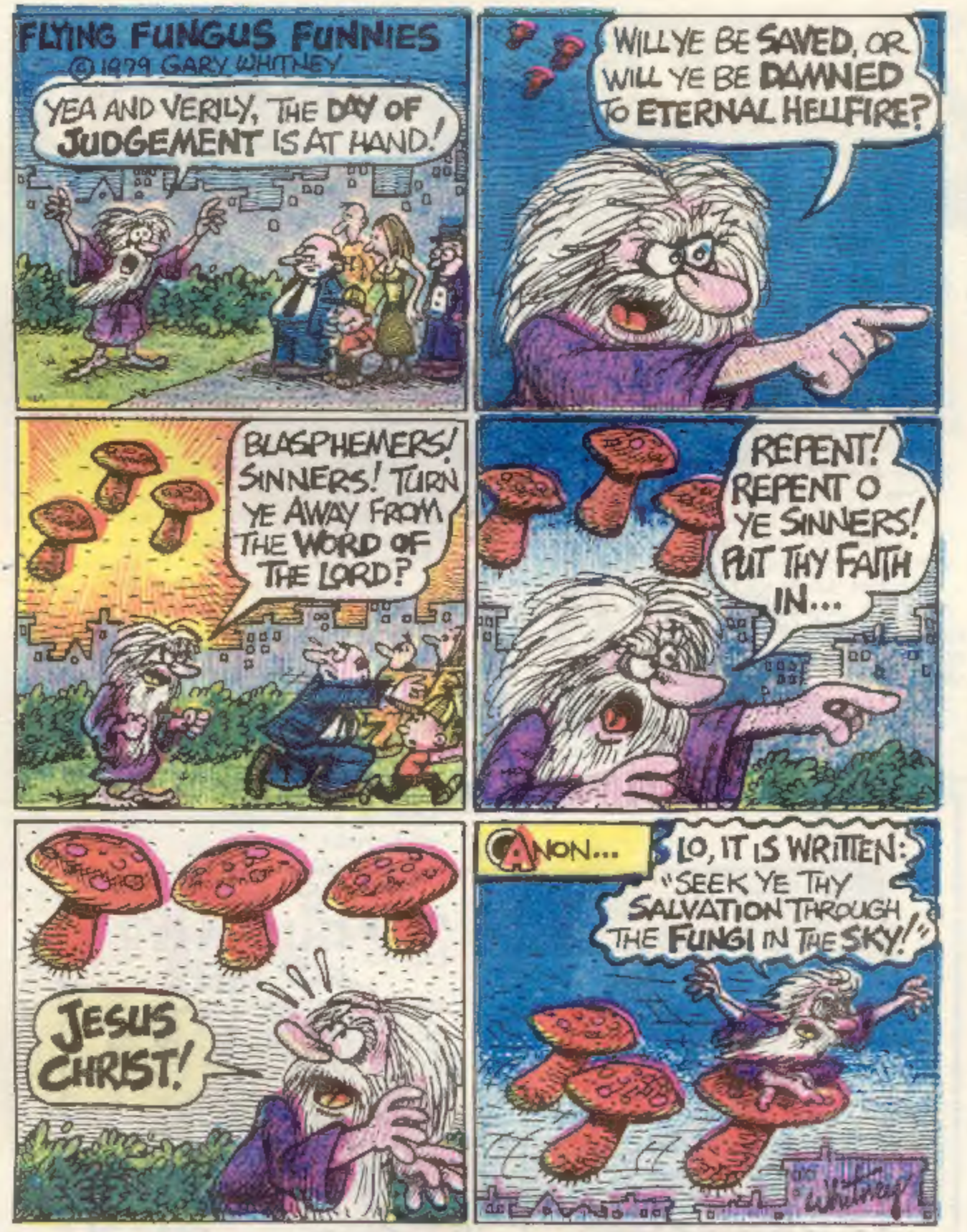
BILL MASON

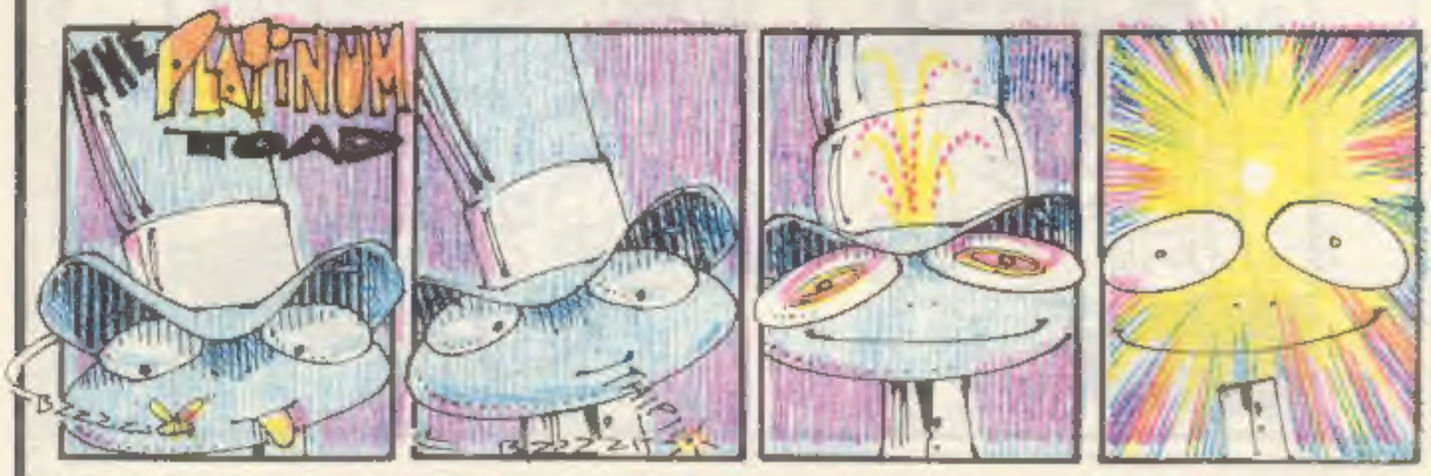
COMIX SHOWCASE

ODD BODKINS...



© 1963 by Dan O'Neill


FLYING FUNGUS FUNNIES
© 1979 GARY WHITNEY
YEA AND VERILY, THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT IS AT HAND!
WILL YE BE SAVED, OR WILL YE BE DAMNED TO ETERNAL HELLFIRE?
BLASPHEMERS! SINNERS! TURN YE AWAY FROM THE WORD OF THE LORD?
REPENT! REPENT O YE SINNERS! PUT THY FAITH IN...
JESUS CHRIST!
ANON... LO, IT IS WRITTEN: "SEEK YE THY SALVATION THROUGH THE FUNGI IN THE SKY!"
Whitney


PLATINUM TOAD
BZZZZ

#49 in a series:

SCIENCE ON THE MAKE

"PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF A CLONE"

THE PLANET OF THE TEE-VEES

©1979 J. MICHAEL LEONARD

I just recently picked up a copy of Brute Comix. My friend told me not to expect much for my money but this book which was done in 1973 by a couple of high school students was an awful disappointment. If you do not have a copy - why bother?

Famous Potatoes #3 is also recently out by Byron Werner, 455 N. Doheny Drive, #101; Beverly Hills, CA 90210 and it's too much like FP #2 for me to evaluate it as much of a change or step forward. I just received in a trade a copy of Boycott Coors Beer which was a pro-union 8½"x11" book of political cartooning that was done in '77 to dramatize the lot of the striking brewery workers at Coors. It was the very "in" beer on the East Coast at that time. Boot-leg six-packs were commanding as much as $3.99 in the Northeast; I don't think we can get it at all, anymore. The artist on the Boycott book is unknown but I dropped a line to the only evident address to see if more are still available. I'll keep you folks posted on this.

As partial payment for my highly professional services (ahem! - Editor) Cascade's Artie Romero sent me a blockbuster of a collectible which was a little known 7¢-er called Batchwalley, done by Ed Romero, Darryl Anderson, Dave Taylor and Jeff May. Done in '73, it ran 10 pages, had a 3-color cover and a print-run of 100. Do not bother leaning on ol' Artie here for dupes because I've already tried that. They were sold at cons and were done in Springfield, Missouri, but it's really one of the better-looking 7¢-ers that I've seen and I believe I've seen just about all of them except for Norman Newcreature.

It's a groan to notice how much inflation is reflected in a small publishing arrangement like "Larry Fuller presents" who gave us White Whore and Funny Book 1-3. The first Funny Book was a 25¢ cover price in 1975; the New Funny Book #2 was $1 in 1977 and #3 is now $1.50. Pleasantly enough, an appropriate increase in sophistication can also be noted. Unfortunately, as filled as this latest one, #3, is with good material, there's also some slow stuff, too. There's also little enough in it to qualify it as underground and it teeters close to the edge of being a fanzine with professional delusions. One of the stories is a western that clearly belongs in a children's comic book, and while the artwork is very good in spots, there's nothing there to interest anyone over fifteen. Let's hope that it expresses more of contemporary mores up ahead and dabbles less with western plots and detective spoofs. I wrote and expressed my consternation but I suppose it's as well-presented as a lot of the ground-level stuff that's been coming out lately. It's available from Larry Fuller, 681 Ellis Street, San

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HAWGPAT, KAMPUS KAPERS, SEX & VIOLENCE, SLUDGE, SKY RUMS @1.50
Add 75¢ postage w/ order. Send SASE and 15¢ (stamp ok) for my complete list of Out-of-Print Undergrounds. Large selection, low prices. Northwoods Funnies Box 75 North New Portland Maine 04961

Francisco, CA 94109 and sells for $1.50.

Snappy Sammy Smoot is out from Kitchen Sink and it's one reprint that I have to grudgingly accept. The artist, Skip Williamson, once a prolific contributor that was influential in undergrounds since the '60's, has gone on to an art director's position with Playboy. Snappy Sammy, then, provides all of Williamson's favorite Sammy adventures under one cover for the cost of $1. It will probably be Williamson's last book and just about the only thing fresh about it is the cover. Williamson is one of the artists that I will really miss; I hope he at least stays actively cartooning for Playboy.

I finally got a copy of Master Dracula, a publication from Goleta, CA that purported in print to be a superior underground. If I ever saw a misnomer, that had to be it. There is nothing in this amateur fanzine that could possibly qualify it as an underground in any way. It's done by high school students for one strike, it's 8½"x11" for the second and the contents are just another cheapo fanzine for the 3rd strike. It had the gall to name itself as an underground.

In case the rest of you hard-core collectors are not aware of it, Last Gasp has a new edition of Image of the Beast, the Phillip Jose Farmer Sci-fi classic by artist Tim Boxell (aka Grisly). The book will have a totally new cover this time around.

Bizarre Sex #7 should be with us any day now with a cover by John Pound and art by Joel Beck, Steven Stiles, Gary Whitney and Trina Robbins. It could be worth waiting for from Kitchen Sink as Pound's Dope Comics #2 cover was outstanding.

Print Mint should have San Francisco #5 coming which will feature unpublished Willy Murphy art. That's great because in this writer's opinion Willy Murphy was one of the finest humorists to grace the pages of the undergrounds.

Rip-Off has Dorman's Doggie by Foolbert Sturgeon (aka Frank Stack) on the way. It features a 4-color cover and 52 pages of material on a neurotic poodle. The material has been syndicated and the book will retail for a dollar.

Quick Ones

By Bill Sherman

ZAP #9 (Print Mint)

Dunno about you, but the last coupla ZAPs have bummed me out. Not that the material ain't been A-One or anything (tho Crumb's 3-page "ain't-got-nuthin'-to'say" piece did cut it close), but somehow I've been outta sync with the book. So much so that when I'd first heard there was gonna be another ish of ZAP, my only reaction was a sigh.

Things didn't look that hot when I actually received the book either. On seeing Wilson's cover--the white frame, the non-commercial composition (no high-impact image here!)--I thought I had the answer clinched. These guys ain't comix artists no more: they're fuckin' arTEESTS!. A quick scan of the contents (two pages of Robert Williams emblems, Moscoso's "Artist and Model" strip) seemed to cinch it, too. Gallery safe: that's what ZAP'd become. No giggles just appreciative whispers.

Well, that ain't entirely fair, folks, I know, and I'm sure all you fans out there can come back with individual pieces here that are fully the equal of anything their respective artists've done. I happen to like Wilson's "Travellin' Assassin," which takes his use of shadow interesting places, and Spain's "The Breaks," too. (Ain't made up my mind on Williams' "Muzzy the Dunce" yet: at times he seems too disquietingly like a certain microceph culture hero.) But so what? It still adds up to the third unsatisfying issue of ZAP in a row, and if my explanation for this lackluster state is simplistic at least it's an explanation. I'll entertain any alternative answers, however.

As long as they don't involve my mother.

SNAPPY SAMMY SMOOT (Krupp)

Those readers expecting any kinda chronology of the devolution of Snappy Sam (as Crumb gave us with Fritz) are gonna be disappointed by this volume. Despite the title, only six of the eighteen reprints here star the greasy kid stiff: the rest show Bozo Rebebo (in a fart war from APPLE PIE), the Whiz Kidz and others in the Williamson menagery. I'm not complaining too much: most of the quintessential Smoot is already available in the BEST of BIJOU collection (tho it'd've been nice to see the space spores and compulsive killer episodes reprinted.) And besides, with or without Smoot, Williamson's one of the funniest social didacticists around.

If any part of Williamson's comix oeuvre has been given short shrift, it's the explicitly political part. I miss it, but I'd guess I'm in the minority there. (And we do get one episode of "Class War Comix" to show us what Flippy Skippy could do.) Mosta the material here seems to've been chosen for "posterity" in any case. I won't argue about the selection, but I can't help wonderin' where the onetime Yippie's coming from these days. Still, between this book and the recently re-released NARD N' PAT, newcomers get to see Chicago comix at their best.

SLOW DEATH #9 (Last Gasp)

More mutant yucks as SD artists give the clam's-eye lowdown on Atomic Power: not the book to convince anyone pushin' the NRC's outmoded million-to-one statistic (give them Larry Rifas' ALL-ATOMIC COMICS) or your true energy gourmand, but it's just the thing for any recalcitrant knee-jerks you might know. SLOW DEATH nine draws a series of negative extrapolations--all involving nuclear power--and draws 'em convincingly. Sure, it's science-"fiction," but that doesn't invalidate the issue's basic message.

The best pieces in SDEATH are its two longest: Greg Irons' "Our Friend, Mr. Atom" is a graphic catalog of historical and probable atomic horrors with narration out of SKULL comix, while Errol McCarthy sends up the superhero tale's conservative bias in a mock confrontation 'tween both sides of the nuclear debate. (I'm reminded of Joe Simon's inadvertantly hilarious BROTHER POWER, THE GEEK comic--wonder if McCarthy ever read it?)

The other contribs from Michael J. Becker (disappointing in comp with his beautiful seal hunt piece in ish eight), Dennis Ellefson and Tim Boxell border on the flat preach but are all fine. The only question I have is: with all that earthquake paranoia, why do people live in California?

HARLAN ELLISON's CHOCOLATE ALPHABET (Last Gasp)

I'm not sure Ellison did Larry Todd such a favor giving him 26 stories to illustrate in one comix book: tho it's a bit late to complain now, I'd've rather seen Todd rapidographing a single 24-page story in place of the series of Frederic Brown pastiches and apocalypsean japes that comprise "From A to Z in the Chocolate Alphabet." With so much story material--even if some of it is slight--all Todd can do here is give single-panel illos to most of Ellison's pieces, put in a few joke balloons.

The only letter in the whole alphabet that gets a real comix treatment, in fact, is "S is for Solifidian," which reads like Truman Capote in a NIGHT GALLERY black-out. And even here the tale is narration heavy due to Todd's decision to include all of Ellison's text. Admittedly, it's difficult cutting Ellison's prose sensitively, but then again it's also difficult reading so much of it in a solid chunk of cartoon lettering, too.

An intriguing Experiment, in short. But both Ellison and Todd should've remembered that in some cases less is definitely more.

CARTOON HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE #2 (Rip Off)

And yet...here's Larry Gonick taking on the start of Civilization As We Know It and barely faltering from his comical book format! (Draw yer own conclusions.) Much more instantly accessible than volume one, "Stick and Stones" covers an area fraught with interpretive chuckholes (matriarchists, f'rinstance will prolly be disappointed by the relatively scant credit given early mother worship cultures) and does so with an assurance that occasionally calls for argument. S'part of the territory, and Gonick indicates he knows this by his bibliography which includes both factual and speculative pre-history.

BLOOD ON THE MOON (Last Gasp)

Jaxon reaches the summit. A few narrative slips (notably in the capture of the Kiowa chiefs but also in the seemingly irrelevant inclusion of info about the Black cavalry) can't dim his accomplishment in this conclusion to the Quanah Parker trilogy. In his meticulous rendering of history and drama Jaxon has set standards for western comics that few will prolly follow. But by his presence in the genre, Jaxon's already revealed convention's sham. (I wasn't even bothered by the modernized dialog this time: I guess it seeped in.) A significant comix series--and not only for its skilled mingling of history and humanity, tho some of ANARCHY's writer-artists could pick up a few hints here on that score...

DOCTOR, I WANT TO HAVE A SEX CHANGE OPERATION!
BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN HAVING RELATIONS WITH MEN!
IF THAT'S THE CASE, THEN WHY BECOME A WOMAN?
SO I CAN BE A LESBIAN!

NEWS continued from page 2

This work of "pup art" is all in color on heavy stock, and costs 75¢ plus 15¢ postage. WORK AND TURN is an 18 page "Modernistic Tijuana Bible" by Spiegelman, 3" x 3", adults only. It's 50¢ plus 15¢ postage. Among the other new offerings is a "low budget lithograph" by Spiegelman which is entitled "The Collector". Only 30 copies are available at a cost of $5 plus $1 postage each. This large print shows a cat adding a dead rat to its trophy box, and was executed on paper master using a litho pencil. Last issue we incorrectly referred to this enterprise as "Spiegelman's Raw Books", for which we must offer apologies to Françoise Mouly, since she is the real force behind Raw Books. A complete listing of publications now available from Raw Books will be sent to anyone who encloses a stamped, self-addressed envelope with their inquiry. Write to Raw Books, 27 Greene St., New York, NY 10013. They're now working with Bill Griffith on a project called the "Zippyscope", soon to appear.

FRESH BLOOD by J. Michael Leonard is new from Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, a collection of short strips from '76 through '78. "Night Crawling" had previously appeared in THE BARN OF FEAR #1, and "Favorite Jokes of the Southland" is reprinted from NATIONAL LAMPOON, but otherwise this is unpublished material. The back cover of this issue of CASCADE is reprinted from FRESH BLOOD.

Both J. Michael Leonard and Larry Gonick have pulled out of Fast Draw Studios, the art studio founded by Ted Richards.

Bob Armstrong is recovering satisfactorily from his brain operation, and is already playing with the Cheap Suit Serenaders again, a string band featuring R. Crumb on banjo.

Someone ran into and demolished Mark Beyer's car recently. Instead of using the insurance compensation to buy another auto, he plans to use the money to set himself up in New York City. Beyer now resides in Pennsylvania and is a newcomer to comix, having recently published his own solo book, A DISTURBING EVENING.

DORMAN'S DOGGIE by Foolbert Sturgeon is the latest book from Rip Off Press. Most of the strips in this 52-page volume appeared previously in the Rip Off Feature Syndicate. Sturgeon, whose real name is Frank Stack, has also published a book of his lithographs and other graphics called FRANK STACK: Etchings and Lithographs. It's more in the vein of fine art than comix; available in softcover for $5.85 or in hardcover for $10.85 from Singing Wind Publications, Box 1426, Columbia, MO 65201.

Clay Geerdes is publishing a series of mini-comix; all are 50¢ postpaid or 5 for $2 from Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. So far the titles include WEIRD WAITRESS FANTASIES 1, A HUMOR, VIOLENCE: A STUDY, BABYFAT 1, BABYFAT 2, FUNNY INSECTS 1, DISCO MOUSE 1, WEIRD RIP-OFFS, BABYFAT 3, and FRIED BRAINS 1. Contributors include Erling, Whitney, Vojtko, Foster, Rippee and others.

Hollywood Fats Band is a new blues album which includes a mini-komik by Joel Milke, George Erling, Carol Lay and Scott Shaw as a bonus. The comic is called HOLLYWOOD FATS FUNNIES, available by itself for $1 each postpaid. It may be ordered from Larry Taylor, 3253 Dos Palos Dr., Hollywood, CA 90068. The album is available from PBR International Records, 7033 Sunset Blvd., Suite 322, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

Tom Foster has published a collection of his cartoons called COSMIC STRAWBERRIES, limited to 100 signed and numbered copies. Available for $3.50 from Tom Foster, P.O. Box 154, Crawfordsville, Ark. 72327.

A BOY AND HIS MANTA RAY

TELL ME, MOTHER CAREY... WHY IS THERE LIFE?
WHY NOT?
I MEAN - DO ALL THINGS BEGIN AND END IN INFINITY?
DOES IT MATTER?
IT MATTERS TO ME! A MOUNTAIN ENDURES FOREVER WHILE MY LIFE IS ONLY SIX... MAYBE NINE DECADES!
SO?
SO WHERE'S THE JUSTICE? AM I LESS THAN A PILE OF STONE?
ARE YOU MORE?
BUT AM I LESS?
WHAT IS "MORE"? WHAT IS "LESS"?
THAT'S MADDENING, MOTHER CAREY! WHY DO YOU ALWAYS ANSWER MY QUESTIONS WITH ANOTHER QUESTION?
YER ASKIN' ME?

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